Little Folks

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James A. Jones,
Bristol, Tenn.

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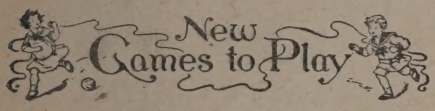
Something to Read From the Editor

Dear Boys and Girls Who Read Little Folks:—

I suppose you were all as busy as bees after your March Little Folks came, making and doing all the things you found in our Something To Do Department; and I also suppose you are looking forward to your April magazine, so that you may have something new to do and some more interesting things to make. Here it is, just cram full of all the things you are looking for, to wish you a happy Easter from

Your loving Editor.



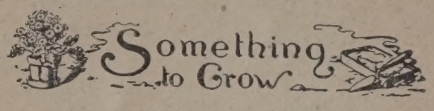
A PICNIC AT EASTER

HAD you thought of having a picnic at Easter? I know how you can give a Bunny Picnic to some of your little friends, and have the best time ever. It won't matter what the weather may be, for this is an indoor picnic, and will be held in your own parlor. Cut invitations from stiff white paper in the shape of a bunny, and write on each one a verse something like this:

The Easter bunnies ask you
To go picnicing with me,
So, please be at my house promptly
Next Saturday at three.
And never mind the weather,
No matter what it be,
We'll go frolicing together—
Upon my parlor lea.

Ask mother to get some green paper muslin, or some green crepe paper and you yourself can make the paper flowers to scatter around upon it, and if you can get them, perhaps some grown-up will go for a walk with you and help you get dogwood and various kinds of green shrubbery. In this shrubbery you will want to hide little plaster bunnies, one for each child. If you cannot get plaster ones, little cotton-wool ones will do. Your first game can be a search for these hidden bunnies. If you are a lucky boy or girl and have some baby bunnies of your own—and if you are willing to part with one of them—it would be nice to offer it as a grand prize. For one game, have your guests draw Bunny's picture. A "Pin the Tail on Peter" set is good for this party. If you haven't such a set, draw a big, big bunny on a sheet and hang it up. Cut from cotton as many tails as there are guests, and stick a pin through each. You play this game just as you do the old, familiar donkey game, each child, blindfolded, trying to pin Bunny's tail in the proper place.

Toward supper time, spread a table-cloth on the floor and bring the refreshments in a picnic basket. They will taste much better that way, and everybody will enjoy this real indoor picnic. Be sure to have eggs and have some bunny-shaped cookies.



APRIL PLANTING

LAST month you learned what to plant in March. Now that April has come there are ever so many more flowers and vegetables you can add to your garden. For flowers there are coreopsis, Drummond's phlox, pot marigold, mignonette, pansies, candytuft, cornflower, cosmos, china asters, marigolds, petunias, pinks and morning glories; roots of golden glow, holly-hocks, phlox, larkspur, and lily-of-the-valley. If yours is a vegetable garden, you can sow beets, carrots, cabbage, lettuce, peas, radishes and parsnips.

If your garden is against a wall or a fence, be sure to put the tallest things at the back, so that they will not crowd or starve out the smaller ones.

Here is the way to plant candytuft, coreopsis, cornflowers, Japan pink, mignonette and china asters. Have the soil fine and light, and choose a sunny place. Sprinkle the seeds, cover them with soil and then water with a fine spray. The seedlings will come up thick and must be thinned out until those you leave are two or three inches apart. When the plants are four or five inches high, thin them again. You can transplant the seedlings you have thinned out, if you are careful, and have room for them. When your plants are about eight inches tall, pinch off the top branch to make them bushy. You won't want to do it, but you will be repaid with much better flowers.

Marigolds, Drummond phlox, cosmos and china asters should be sown in narrow rows in the seed bed. Just cover the seed with soil, press it down with your hand, water and keep the ground moist till the plants come up. When the plants are up and have two or three leaves, pry out with a flat stick some of the plants. Those that are left should stand three inches apart. Press down the soil and transplant the little plants you dig up. When the plants are six inches high, dig them up and set them out in your garden for keeps.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 242)

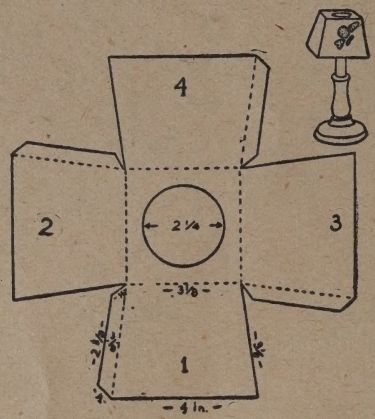
Something to Make for a Gift

EASTER CANDLE-SHADES

CANDLE-shades that you can make yourself are the very nicest Easter greeting you could give Mother, and if you make her a set I am sure she will love your thoughtfulness.

Each shade is made of a twelve-inch square of stiff white paper. By following the diagram, you will see how each shade is planned and what the correct measurements are for all the parts.

The second picture will suggest to you some pretty arrangements of butterflies, one for each side of your shade. To transfer the patterns you select, first draw them on thin paper, and then blacken the other side of the paper with a soft pencil, and redraw the design onto the shades. If you have a piece of carbon paper to put between your design and your shade, you will not need to blacken the back of your design, of course.

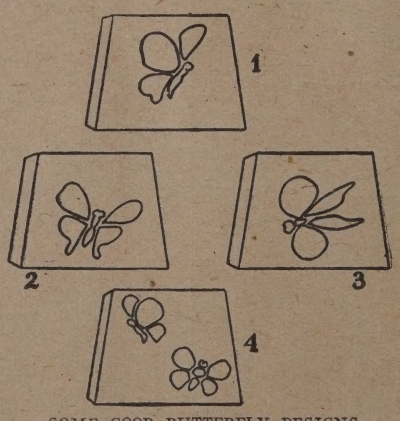


WORK FROM THIS DIAGRAM

Now for the cutting. Cut the shade out, following the outside lines carefully, and cut out the circle at the top. Score the dotted lines. Scoring is done best with the help of a brass edged ruler, which you must place against the line cutting lightly with a knife along the edge of the ruler. This light cut does not go through the paper, but it lets it bend easily and in a straight line. Next, cut out the butterflies, following the outline.

Next for the pasting. Draw the outlines of each of your four sides of the shade on some rather thin, pale yellow paper, and cut them out. Put a little paste all around the edges of your white paper and stick the yellow paper on, cutting each piece out to fit the side of the shade. Now you will need to lay your shade aside, pressing it under a heavy book until it is quite dry. When it has dried, bend the shade on the dotted lines that you have scored and put a little paste or glue on the little flaps at the left of each side of the shade. Then stick the flaps down underneath the side near-will be done.

You can use other designs than butterflies, but I chose them because they are a symbol of the Resurrection. Ask your teacher to tell you why. And then ask her to let you make these shades in school.



SOME GOOD BUTTERFLY DESIGNS

Something for a Sick Child

A FAIRY GIFT BALL

"WHATEVER are you going to do with all that yarn, Marion?" asked Nancy.

Marion looked up from the gaily colored balls in her lap.

"This is left-over yarn," she explained. "Mother washed it for me."

"But what are you going to do with it?" persisted Nancy. "Is it anything I could do, too?"

"If you know any little girl or boy who is sick, you could."

"I do," said Nancy eagerly.

"I'm making mine for Esther," said Marion. She's getting over scarlet fever, you know, and she'll have a birthday before she can get up for good."

"But you haven't told me yet what it is," laughed Nancy, "or how you make it."

"Well, it's a Fairy Gift Ball, and you begin by winding yarn around the nicest gift you mean to give the sick person. Of course, it ought to be something little and nice. Mine's a silver thimble in a tiny box for Esther's birthday. Then, when that gift is all covered up, you put in another gift, and cover that up, too. That's the way it goes, gift and wind, gift and wind, till there's nothing left but the round ball. Then, every day, the sick person unwinds the ball till a gift appears. That's the surprise for that day, and there's no more unwinding till the next day comes."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Nancy, clapping her hands. "What do you put in?"

"There's a tiny Japanese fan for Esther's Jap doll, two little yarn dolls, a kewpie with a big pink bow, a little box of crayons, a box of beads to string, a set of those little Peter Rabbit books I got from Little Folks, a Cum-Bac toy that she can roll on the bed, a little silk flag, a little puzzle, a funny little Japanese dog that Mother got in a Japanese store—you can get lots of things there if you live near one—and—"

"I could put in a tiny tank for Arthur, and maybe a So Handy tool kit, and, oh, Marion, Marion! I know what I'll put in the middle of my ball. I'll put a little note that will tell him it's a year's subscription to Little Folks."

"I wish I'd thought of that," cried Marion; but Nancy did not hear. She was already running down the street toward home.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 244)

STARTEX

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Father's Glass or Junior's Face

See How They Shine!

Doing the dishes is a treat, not a task, with STARTEX Toweling. The glasses sparkle so beautifully with just a quick brisk rub—not a trace of lint or fluff.

And Junior doesn't mind STARTEX Towels a bit. He shines up his face in a second, this "super toweling" is so absorbent. Yet it always hangs crisp and fresh, never limp and uninviting.

STARTEX must be linen, you say. Not at all. But it's as durable and fine, and practically as cheap as ordinary cotton. It's the combination linen interwoven with cotton in weft-and-warp that keeps quality up and price down—the ideal substitute now that linen costs so much.

Has smooth linen surface and attractive fast color border.

Sold by leading stores
Name stamped on fabric.

Stark Mills, International Cotton Mills
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56 Worth Street, New York

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TRADE MARK
WASHABLE

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QUILTED MATTRESS PROTECTOR

It's like sleeping on air to sleep on a Quilted Protector. They are made of the finest materials money can buy.

Quilted in the Excelsior way that keeps them light, soft and fluffy even after long use and washing. Made in all sizes to fit all beds and cribs.

Because of their many features, they are especially suited to use on Baby's Crib. They protect the child as well as the mattress—save time and labor.

Endorsed by Physicians and Used by the Best Families Who Know

See that Trademark is stitched in corner of every Protector you purchase.

THE EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO., 15 Laight St., New York City

Something From Far Away

The Letter Bag

Hiseville, Ky.

Dear "Little Folks":—You are a welcome visitor at our home every month. We can hardly wait for you to come. We live in a small town where there are three churches, two blacksmith shops, one bank, one barber shop, several stores, a graded school, rolling mill, and, post office. We go to school every day. School will be out the first of May. We have a farm two miles from here. When summer comes we will go there with Daddy and spend lots of days. We haven't any pets, but we hope to have a parrot. Our sister Pauline has joined the boys' and girls' club, and we think she will get a pig. March 17th was Edna Earl's birthday and March 23rd was mine. We would like to have any readers send us a flower, bulb or clipping of any kind from where they live. We want to get them started by May 1st. We want to hear from children living on the Atlantic, Pacific or Gulf coasts, Florida, California and Louisiana, and would be glad to hear from some one across the big ocean. Will everyone who sends us a bulb or clipping please be sure to write your full name and address, as we want to answer.

Nell and Edna Earl Creek.

Walthill, Neb.

Dear "Little Folks":—This is my second letter. I will tell you a little about Walthill. It is a small town on the Indian reservation. About every second person here is an Indian. These Indians are of the Omaha and Winnebago tribes. I have seen some pretty Indian girls who would be better looking if they were not dressed so queerly. The girls and women part their hair in the middle and braid it. They wear silk dresses and a great deal of jewelry. They always have a shawl which they wind gracefully around themselves. Sometimes they punch holes in money and string it like beads. The men dress like we do, only that they always wear cowboy hats, braid their hair and wear very baggy trousers. The chiefs and old warriors all have bright colored blankets and nearly every one wears mocassins. The children hardly ever go to school. I like to go to school and am in the eighth grade. I take domestic science, art, vocal, English history and arithmetic. I am thirteen years old. I would like to hear from some of you, particularly from a little girl in a foreign country.

Louise Boughm.

Lansing, Iowa.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for three or four years and like you very much, especially the Letter Bag. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. We have a good teacher and I like school quite well. I have a sister, Ruth, but no brothers. We have a big white dog who is twelve or thirteen years old. He has a big black spot on his back and his name is Cole. My father has a car. We took a tour to Milwaukee in it. First we went to Madison for four days and then to Milwaukee for three. I live in quite a small town, but the Mississippi flows by and we see many steam boats.

Arthur Nielander.

Ceres, Calif.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for three years. I live on a farm in the country. Papa has two horses, some cows and a few chickens. For pets I have a hen, a cat, a bird and a goat. My goat's name is Betty. She is black and white. Every time I say, "Betty!" she answers me. I have eleven dolls. Three are rag dolls. I have some paper dolls, too. I live about a mile and a half from town, and have a wheel to ride to school. I am in the sixth grade. There are forty-three pupils in my room. We raise a lot of things to eat. There are walnuts, oranges, grapes, almonds, figs, pears, apples and many other kinds of fruit. We also have peaches. Last year we had peaches from the middle of June to the middle of October. Papa has a large fig orchard. We sold figs last fall at $310 a ton.

Esther Cook.

Burley, Idaho.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have just started taking you and like you very much. I am in the sixth grade and am nine years old. I have a violin and can play ordinary music very easily. I live in southern Idaho where it rains very seldom and where farms and gardens are irrigated by water from the Snake River. Our schoolhouse is the largest building heated entirely by electricity in the world. My daddy is the superintendent. We use electricity for lighting, heating and cooking in our home. I am writing on Daddy's little Corona typewriter which he took to France with him.

Helen Rae.

The Gates *of* Toyland

TOYLAND—joyland—the land where the thoughts and dreams of children dwell. Where playthings are the *real* things.

If they are American-Made playthings they are worthy of children's trust—novel and beautiful in design, honestly and carefully made by American men and women to suit the taste of American girls and boys.

Buy American-Made toys. Ask for those that bear the emblem.

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TOY MANUFACTURERS OF THE U. S. A.
Flatiron Building,
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American-Made Toys

Something to Look for Outdoors

SOME STAR STORIES

By Josephine A. Baker

LAST year, if you read your Little Folks carefully, you learned to find some of our night-friends, the stars, and to imagine the pictures formed by them in the sky. Would you like to know some of the stories of this, the oldest picture-book in the world? You remember the Great Bear and the Little Bear, or as you perhaps call them, the Big and Little Dippers and you can find the constellation of Cassiopea, the lady in the chair. The five brightest stars of this constellation look like an irregular W which can always be seen almost exactly opposite the Big Dipper on the other side of the Pole and the same distance from it. At this time of the year, when the Big Dipper is high above the Pole Star, Cassiopeia is the same distance below it. This is her story:

CASSIOPEIA, THE LADY IN THE CHAIR

Long, long ago Queen Cassiopeia boasted that her daughter, Andromeda, was more beautiful than the sea-nymphs; and the sea-god, Neptune, angered, laid waste her kingdom and sent a terrible monster to devour the people. The only way to save the kingdom was to give Andromeda to the monster. Andromeda, to save her people, agreed to this dreadful fate and was bound to a rock in the sea. But Perseus, with swiftness gained from the winged sandals of Mercury and with an invincible weapon, the head of Medusa, which turned to stone all who beheld it, rescued Andromeda, and later Jupiter gave them a place in the sky.

The Pleiades, whose stars form a very tiny dipper, are sometimes called the Seven Sisters. You will see only six, however, the seventh sister having returned to earth for love of a mortal. When all of the beautiful sisters dwelt upon the earth they were pursued by Orion, the hunter, until they prayed to be saved from him. Jupiter, hearing their cries, caught them up into the sky, where they are out of reach of all harm.

There are many other myths and legends of the stars and if you learn them, night will always be a wonderful story-time instead of just "the dark."

Something about Care of Pets

YOUR KITTEN

WHAT kind of kitten have you? Manx, tiger, angora, maltese, siamese, persian, coon or just plain cat? The just plain kitten is the easiest to bring up, for high-bred or imported kittens are very often delicate and hard to take care of, especially the long-haired kinds. The gray maltese is a good kind to get if you want a well-bred pussy cat.

If you possibly can, leave kittens with their mother till they are about five weeks old. She will take better care of them than you can and will teach them what kittens should know.

When your kitten is four weeks old, you can try giving him a little warm milk in a saucer. If he doesn't know it tastes good, rub a little on his nose for him to lick off. He will learn quickly. Feed him often at first, and keep him warm. Make him a nice bed of either a box or basket half-filled with excelsior or wheat straw or some other soft material. Shake up pussy's bedding every day, and change it once a week. Keep his bed in a warm place, away from drafts, and leave kitty in it. Don't handle him too much, for it isn't good for him while he is so young.

Until he is four months old, give him a saucer of lukewarm milk about six times a day. You can put a little cereal or broken bread into it, but don't give him any meat. Don't forget a pan of fresh water to drink. Your kitten should have special dishes from which to eat and you must keep them clean. Milk sours more quickly than anything else.

As your kitten grows older, he will need fewer meals, and when he is a year old, two or three a day will be enough. Don't feed him between meals or at the table. He does not need meat very often, even when he is a grown cat. Give him scraps from the table, unless they have rich sauces and are highly seasoned. Give him liver, kidney and fish. They are good for him from time to time if well cooked. Sometimes give him a piece of bacon before he has his milk.

If yours is a city cat, you must get grass for him two or three times a week. He needs it. You can raise some in a window box, especially in winter. Kittens are much healthier when they can have grass.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 282)

A Brother To Little Folks

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

If you are a subscriber to Little Folks but not to its Brother, The Children's Magazine, we we will give you, during April, an opportunity to secure The Children's Magazine for a full year, free of charge. Simply send us a new yearly subscription to Little Folks from some child who does not now take it. This subscription must be paid for by the subscriber, or the parent of the subscriber. It can not be a gift subscription.

Be sure to make use of this opportunity

S. E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.

FLORENCE WHITE WILLIAMS

A BONNET, a bonnet,
For Easter wear;
If one's not enough
There's another one there;
But if you don't hurry
I'm sorely afraid
That box won't hold out
Very long, little maid.

Florence White Williams

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXIII APRIL, 1920 No. 6

ON EASTER DAY

BY ANNETTE WYNNE

THE little flowers gladly rise
And shake the mould from out their eyes,
And look about, once more, to see
If birds have built yet in the tree.

And in the tree the small bird shakes
Songs from his throat for children's sakes,
For flowers and for all, I guess,
Who love his songs of happiness.

And little brooks just skip along,
And sing *their* way an Easter song,
And make the meadow very gay
For happy spring and Easter Day.

And children come along the street
With very joyous Easter feet,
Glad for the brook and the bird that sings,
And all the world of joyous things.

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KATINKA AND HER GOOSIE GANDER

BY ALICE BAILEY

"MOTHER," Katinka said one morning, as she sat scouring an old copper kettle, "the prize this year for the boy or girl who grows the most beautiful tulips in Volendam is to be a pair of silver skates."

"Aha, little Bright Eyes, and you want the silver skates? Yes? Then we will grow the most beautiful tulips this spring," Katinka's mother answered cheerfully, as she patted her butter into shape for marketing.

"Oh, Mother!" was all Katinka said, but Katinka's mother knew how much that meant, for her little daughter loved to skate. For months she had been laying aside all her savings so that some day she might buy herself a pair of good skates. Then she could take part in the great winter carnival which was held every year in Amsterdam. She could see herself now, skimming like a bird over the ice, gliding here and there, swaying gently to the rhythm of gay music.

"The bulbs should be sprouting," Katinka's mother interrupted her thoughts, "and then how we shall care for them! It is good that dear old Uncle Jan sent us his prize bulbs this year."

"Yes, Mother, that is why I thought that perhaps I might win the skates," Katinka answered, her cheeks all aglow with excitement.

"Dear, dear, we talk of tulips and skates and forget our work," laughed Katinka's mother. "There's the milkman now. Run with your pitcher, little Bright Eyes."

Katinka took the shining pitcher from the table and hurried from the room. At the door she stopped to remove her slippers and put on her heavy wooden sabots.

"Quack, quack!" called Goosie Gander, Katinka's snow white gander, as she was about to run by him.

"Good morning, my Goosie Gander! Come with me while I fetch a pitcher of milk," Katinka said, stooping a moment to pat the soft white feathers.

GOOSIE GANDER TRIED TO STOP HANS

"Quack, quack!" said Goosie Gander, "I will." And he waddled clumsily after his little mistress.

Along the top of the dike came a queer little cart drawn by a big dog, and filled with shining brass jars full of milk.

"A little milk for me," Katinka cried to the driver who immediately called to his dog to stop.

"I'm always glad to fill it to the brim for you," the man laughed as he filled the pitcher to the very top. "And how is Goosie Gander?" he continued, for everyone had heard how Katinka had found the poor gander wandering aimlessly about the streets in search of his mate.

"He's happy now," Katinka said. "Since he saw his own reflection in a piece of a mirror, he thinks he has found his wife. But now I must hurry, for Mother is baking black bread this morning, and I must help her." With a rustle of her stiffly starched skirts, Katinka turned and clattered back to the house.

It was not long after this that Katinka, returning home from market, one morning, stopped to examine the long row of tulips which was planted along one side of the pretty little

red-tiled house. They were flourishing wonderfully. Goosie Gander followed close at her heels, quacking, quacking, as if he thought that his quacks were as necessary to the tulip plants as the loving care that Katinka lavished upon them.

"Mother!" Katinka cried. "Come, quick! The first flowers are opening. They will be just in time for the show."

Katinka's mother came quickly, for she was as much interested in the precious tulips as her daughter.

"See the color," the mother said, pointing to one perfect, half-open bud of a pink so soft and rich that it scarcely seemed real. "Just one more day and they will be fine. We must start early tomorrow, little Katinka, for Uncle Jan has promised to take us and our bulbs in his boat."

"Quack, quack!" said Goosie Gander again, as if, for all the world, he expected to be taken along, too.

"Oh, Mother," Katinka said, suddenly turning a serious face toward her mother, "I forgot to tell you that I met Hans this morning, and he said that his tulips were far better than mine. Do you suppose he told the truth?"

"Hans! Bah, no! I don't believe he has any tulips. He was just teasing my little Katinka. Now run into the house, Daughter, for you have yet to starch your lace cap."

"Yes, Mother," Katinka replied, "and I will lay out my new red jacket and my dress, so that I will not be late in the morning. And may I wear my coral necklace, Mother?" she asked. No matter how poor these people of the little fishing village were, they all had their beautiful strings of coral and bits of silver jewelry.

Katinka's mother looked up from the tulips and nodded her approval. What a picture Katinka made as she stood there in the doorway—with her round rosy cheeks, her great blue eyes and scarlet lips. On her golden head she wore a white cap with two flaps like the wings of a butterfly at the sides. Her skirt was blue and the little tight-fitting jacket of red was buttoned down the front with great sparkling, silver buttons.

"She is a good girl," her mother said to herself. "I shall pray that she may win the prize."

"Quack, quack!" chimed in Goosie Gander, which meant that he was going to pray, too.

Late that night, when Katinka and her mother were fast asleep, Goosie Gander was awakened by a queer rustling sound just outside of his house. What could it be? Goosie Gander rose from his nest, shook himself and preened his feathers a bit, then waddled sleepily toward the half open door. At first, as he looked out into the moonlight, he saw only the great whirling, creaking arms of the windmill. Then something moved and he saw the figure of a boy bending over the bed of tulips.

Goosie Gander blinked his eyes. He would have known that boy anywhere. It was Hans, the boy who had once laughed at him and struck at him with his heavy wooden sabot. What was he doing in Katinka's garden at this time of night? Goosie Gander knew that something was wrong. Quietly he went out into the yard, then, suddenly, with a noisy flapping of his wings, he flew at the unsuspecting Hans. Hans was terrified. Picking up a box that he had filled with Katinka's choicest tulips, he turned and fled toward the dike. Goosie Gander half flew and half ran after him. Catching hold of the boy's trousers, he tried to stop Hans. But once more Hans used his sabot on the gander, and made good his escape. Anyway, much to his delight, Goosie Gander had torn a big piece out of the boy's trousers. Carefully, he carried the bit of blue woolen to the doorstep of his little mistress' house.

"Quack, quack!" he called again and again.

"Why Goosie Gander, what are you doing out there at this time of night?" Katinka called from her window.

"Quack, quack!" Goosie Gander continued, as if he were trying so hard to explain to Katinka. Then he picked up the bit of blue cloth in his bill, and looked toward her.

"Mother," Katinka said, gently pushing aside the curtains of her mother's bed, "something has happened. Goosie Gander wants us."

"Nonsense, Katinka! You have been dreaming," the mother said, but, nevertheless, she got up and went with Katinka to the door.

As soon as the door was opened Goosie Gander laid the piece of cloth in Katinka's outstretched hand, then, taking hold of her skirt, he guided her to the tulip bed.

"Mother, Mother!" Katinka sobbed. "My prize tulips are gone, the pink ones and the red ones, the finest, are gone."

AT THE TULIP SHOW.

"What!" the mother exclaimed as she rushed to Katinka's side to see with her own eyes what had happened. "Ah," she said, kneeling beside the bed, "someone has stolen them. See, here is the fresh print of a sabot." She paused a moment, then continued, "Katinka, show me the bit of cloth Goosie Gander gave you."

Katinka had flung herself down on the ground beside Goosie Gander, and now, with her arms around his neck, was weeping bitterly.

"Here it is," she sobbed.

"Um," Katinka's mother mused. "I'm thinking," she then said aloud, "that this is a bit of Hans' trousers. Bah! I always told you he was not worth his salt. To-morrow I will go early to his house and see if I am right."

So, next morning at daybreak, Katinka's mother set off.

"You are to go with Uncle Jan, Katinka, and take the rest of the tulips. I will meet you at the square," she said.

A little later Katinka, trying to be brave and keep back the tears, was sailing along the canal with Uncle Jan. There were

many other boats on the canal that morning, for it was a sunny day, and everyone was going to the flower show. They were all laughing and talking gayly, and soon Katinka of the Glad Heart was all smiles herself. How could anyone be unhappy on a day like this? Even the windmills sang a cheerful little song as they whirled their arms merrily around.

When Katinka and Uncle Jan reached the square, which was already a wonderful garden of tulips, they were greatly surprised to find Katinka's mother waiting for them.

"See!" she smiled. "Here they are, and," she continued with a merry twinkle in her eye, "I don't think that Hans will be here today. And he won't be needing his trousers, either, for his mother put him to bed to stay until he can mend his ways."

"Come," Uncle Jan interrupted, "we must find our stall."

"Oh, here it is, right here, Uncle Jan," Katinka called from the next aisle.

After Katinka had carefully arranged her tulips on the stand, she and Uncle Jan wandered for hours in and out among the booths, looking at the great sea of tulips. Katinka's heart was going pit-a-pat and, when, late in the afternoon, they returned to their own stall, it began to beat so violently that she feared everyone would hear it.

HER MOTHER HELD A CARD ON WHICH WAS PRINTED 'FIRST PRIZE'

"Mother, Mother!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands with joy as she beheld her mother proudly holding toward her a card on which was printed " 'First Prize.' "

"Yes, little Bright Eyes, the skates are yours."

"Mine, mine," Katinka whispered over and over again. "And now," she said, turning a joyous face toward Uncle Jan, "please take me home. I want to tell Goosie Gander all about it."

DIFFERENCE IN TASTES

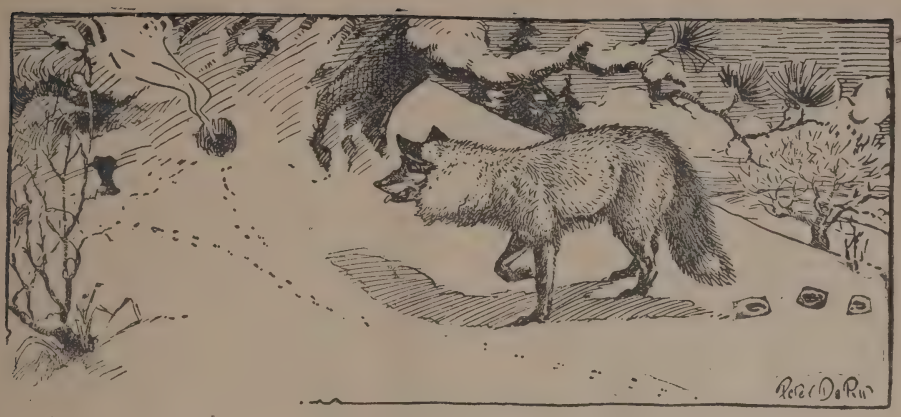
BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

THERE are plenty of things that love the rain
And relish a thorough wetting,
They laugh and sing in a driving storm,
For their hearts' delight they're getting.

"More wet! more wet!" croaks the frog in the pond;
"More water! more water!" the flowers;
"You never can fall too long for me!"
Cries the thirsty dust to the showers;

The puddle dimples at every drop;
The yellow-billed ducks go swimming;
The leaves of the trees are clapping their hands;
With laughter the brook is brimming;

The grasses welcome the pit-a-pat,
For beauty and strength they're gaining;
But Water-cart mopes by himself at home,
For he can't go out when it's raining!



FATHER RED FOX COULD TELL THAT A BEAR WAS INSIDE

WOOD FOLK OF LONE LAKE

BY ALLEN CHAFFEE

Author of "Twinkley Eyes," etc.

CHAPTER I—THE LITTLE BLACK BEAR

ALL the long, cold winter, Twinkly Eyes, the little black bear, had slept, as snug as could be, in his den under the tree-root.

The snows had whirled and the winds had whistled across the mountain-side, but the yearling cub had kept as warm as toast. For what with his thick fur coat, and the blanket of fat that he wore just inside his skin, he had only to roll himself into a ball, with his toes inside, and he hadn't a trouble on earth. The snow-drifts kept the wind out, and his dreams were of summer in the blue-berry patch.

The little black rascal thought he was hidden and no one could find him, away up there on the side of Mount Olaf. But there was one thing that gave him away completely. The warmth of his breathing had melted a chimney, right through the top of his house; and Father Red Fox could tell from the yellowish look of the "smoke" that had stained the snow that a bear was inside. Besides, his nose told him so. Every one of the wood folk has his own brand of perfume, and most of

them can tell more with their noses than we can with our eyes.

The meadow mice used to spy upon the little bear's hiding place as he slept. The snow was tracked like fine lace with their funny foot-prints. Had Twinkly Eyes but known, he would surely have come out and chased them. For he was a famous mouser.

But when the April sun melted the snow on his roof, and he woke up with a yawn, and began stretching his legs, they heard him, and scampered away to their tunnels.

When he first thrust his head through the snow-bank that blocked his door-way, he could only wink and blink at the sunshine, which glittered on the snow-crust. By and by he could see down into the valley where the snow had melted. There was Lone Lake, as blue as could be, though the willows were still brown and leafless around its rim. But his sharp little ears caught the nasal quacking of ducks dipping about in the shallow margin for clams.

HE COULD ONLY WINK AND BLINK AT THE SUNSHINE

"Hurray! Spring has come!" he whoofed joyously. And he started shuffling so fast down the slope that all four feet slipped out from beneath him, and whish!—away he slid, flat on his little round stomach!

"WHOOF! WHOOF!" ROARED SOMEONE, SPRINGING OUT AT HIM

'Right side up, with care!" he told himself, as three minutes later he came to a stop at the marsh that bordered the lake. He shook himself, then gave a grunt of pleasure. For the ground was dotted green and brown with skunk cabbages, the very best kind of spring tonic known to the Black Bear family.

Some of them were still wrapped in their spiky green capes, though a few were already in blossom, inside their brown striped tents. The little bear ate the flower out of one which he pulled free with two claws, and never even made a face at the bitter taste. (There was no one to make a face at.) Then he nibbled the tips of a willow. But he wasn't really hungry yet. His stomach had been so empty all winter that it had shrunk to almost nothing, and it would be a week, at least, before he would want a square meal.

That coasting had been fun, though. He decided to try it some more. But first, what was that message on the smell-telephone stump at the edge of the lake?

"Brother Woof!" said his nose. Sure enough, there were Woof's flat foot-prints, zig-zagging around a big rock.

"Whoof! Whoof!" roared someone, springing out at him from behind a tree-trunk. The ducks flew up in afright as the

two cubs rolled and tumbled, clinching, biting and cuffing one another in a sham fight.

They were glad of the meeting, though; for woods, lake and mountain-side, all were theirs to explore! Little did they dream what dangers lay in wait, so bold had they become since Mother Black Bear had sent them to shift for themselves!

DOWN HE SLID

First they raced each other up the mountain-side, following Twinkly's secret trail along the brook-bed. Then they tried to dig out a nest of mice they could hear in the rock-slide, where the wind had swept the snow away. But on these upper slopes, the ground was still frozen hard as ice. Then Twinkly Eyes gave his brother a shove, and sent him sliding down a snow-bank, flat on his back.

"I'll get you, for that!" threatened Woof, galloping back to where his tormentor sat laughing at him. But just as he reached the spot, Twinkly threw himself flat on his chest, his short legs shoving off with a swimming motion, and coasted out of his reach.

Woof somersaulted, head over heels, as he tried to catch up, but before he could reach bottom, Twinkly was back at the top. This time the rascal spied a better slide—a long hill-slope as smooth as glass, with its frozen crust; and off he started, "belly-bumps," before Woof could climb back again. There were no trees to stop him,—nothing but a long, steep slide for as far as he could see. Nothing could be jollier.

Faster and faster he whizzed down the steep incline,

in a swirl of snow-dust that almost blinded him.

"Splurf! Gr-r-r-r!" he choked. "Someone stop me, quick!" For he suddenly remembered that in summer this was the hill that shot over the edge of a cliff. If he were to go coasting over that cliff, no telling how far he would fall, nor what would happen to him when he got through falling!

"Help! Help!" he squealed again, though he knew that he would have to help himself, if anyone did.

Clutching at the snow-crust, he tried in vain for a foot-hold; but his claws only cut through the crust without finding a thing to grab hold of.

Whirling about, he rolled over and over till he could slide sitting down, with his heels digging into the snow.

But he came to a bump, and the next thing he knew, he had turned a cart-wheel, and was once more flat on his chest, and going faster than ever.

His heart thumped with fright as he saw the edge of the cliff just ahead!

(To be continued)

TIPPY, TAPPY, APRIL RAIN

BY ANNETTE WYNNE

TIPPY, tappy, April rain,
Never mind my window pane,
Never mind my window sill,
Go and knock on glen and hill.
I have heard you knocking so—
Go and tell the flowers to grow;
Tippy, tappy, thro the glen,
Call the bluebirds home again!

THE STORMY WIND

By Frances McKinnon Morton

STRAIGHT out of the North, the storm wind blew
"Woo-hoo-woo-hoo-oo!"
And oh, I tell you it frightened me, too,
"Woo-hoo-woo-hoo-oo!"
I tell you, it frightened me, too!

I shivered all over clear down to my toes,
"Wo-ho-wo-ho-o!"
The storm wind howls wherever it blows
"Wo-ho-wo-ho-o!"
I tell you it shivered my toes!

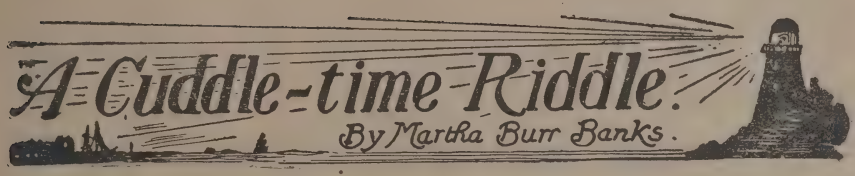
It shook the big trees with a terrible roar,
It rattled my windows and knocked at my door,
It blew out its breath like the swish of a broom
And swept out the dust in the cracks of my room!

And then it went sighing far off and away,
"Way-hay-way-hay-ay!"
I wondered just what the wind wanted to say;
It whispered far off and away.
"Way-hay-way-hay-ay!"
And then it came back and it giggled with glee
"Wee-hee-wee-hee-ee!

"My child you needn't be frightened of me,
I'm only house-cleaning this world you see,
Wee-hee-wee-hee-ee!
I'm cleaning this world, you see!"

Now wasn't it foolish of me,
Oh-ee-oh-ee-ee,
Now wasn't it foolish of me
So terribly frightened to be?

But please, Mr. Wind,
Next time, would you mind
Not to whistle and shout
As you're flying about!

And then, don't you know,
You won't frighten me so!
Oh no,
You won't frighten me so!

OLD Glimmery Glow, across the bay,
Smiles at me in a friendly way,
As if to say, "My child, I'll keep
An eye on you while you're asleep."
He gayly winks, then turns around,
And soon again, without a sound,
He laughs once more right in my eyes,
And makes me jump with glad surprise.
Now tell me, children, if you know,
Who is this good old Glimmery Glow?

Answer: *a Lighthouse*

Somebody and the Princess.

VI

IN a great gold with velvet sat the little Princess Maud and oh, what a forlorn little she was! For one thing, it rained and the loved to see the shine. And then when the guards and the pages and the maids of honor all had their turned the other way, she had slipped out without her royal and got her royal little wet. And then the gardener's had given her a green to eat and it had disagreed with her, and now, instead of dancing about the like a little sunbeam herself and singing like a she was sitting forlornly in the big and nobody knew how to comfort her. "Maybe she needs medicine," said the first Maid of Honor. So the royal doctor came with and his and gave her some medicine. "Now do you feel better, your Royal Highness?" he asked. "No," said the "Maybe she needs to be amused," said the Lord Chancellor. So a funny came with a in a red and

played tricks to amuse her. "Now do you feel better, your Royal Highness?" asked the Lord Chancellor. "No," said the , and she jumped right out of the big and fell down and bumped her royal , and Boo-hoo! how she cried! The guards ran one way and the maids of honor ran the other way and the pages ran all ways at once, and nobody could stop her crying. But flip, flop! Somebody was coming down from the royal nursery. Somebody with a big and a and warm and a nice soft lap to sit in. And she whisked the Lord Chancellor and the doctor and the and the funny man and the and all right out of the room and shut the and took the Princess up in her nice soft lap and comforted her. "Oh, you dear Somebody!" said the cuddling all comfy. "I feel so much better!" "Yes, your Royal Highness, my pet," said Somebody. And who was it, do you suppose, but Ann Bridget, the Royal Nurse!

BY GERTRUDE CHANDLER WARNER

CHAPTER IV—RELIABILITY

THERE were four very happy children in Father O'Moore's grocery store on Tuesday morning. They stood in a row, waiting for directions.

"Now, me dears," began Father O'Moore, "this day will start you all on the fourth law of a good American—*A Good American is Reliable.* I will say that all of you are pretty reliable already, or I wouldn't be trusting you to run me grocery store for the day. Now the store must stay open till six o'clock. You can't run the auto, so you'll have to deliver all the groceries on foot."

"Do go, Mr. O'Moore," begged Betsey. "We promise to run the store *right.*"

Mr. O'Moore put on his hat and coat, laughed, and waved good-bye.

"Now, we'll begin in dead earnest," announced Peter. "Betsey, you're wanting to answer the telephone, aren't you, now?"

"That's just what I want most," said Betsey, much pleased.

"We'll all be clerks," went on Patrick, "until we have to deliver packages. Then Violet can be the clerk, and we boys will deliver."

"I'll help deliver, too," declared Violet. "I can walk four miles."

Just then the telephone rang. Betsey scurried to the desk, climbed on her tall stool, and shook her curls importantly.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Smith," she said, picking up a pencil—"One loaf bread, two boxes raisins, one can peaches, and a bottle of ketchup. That is all? And Mrs. Smith, the order may be a little late, because the auto isn't running today. If you are in a hurry for anything we will send it up special delivery. The bread? Very well."

THE OLD LADY SAT DOWN

Betsey carefully marked *bread* on the order with a blue pencil. By this time there were two people in the store.

"I want some citron," said a fussy old lady.

"I am sorry. We are all out," replied Peter, looking in the can.

Violet listened as she measured out a pound of prunes.

"Oh, dear," complained the old lady. "My luck's always bad. I want to make a citron cake, and I don't want to walk up to Lewis's store either."

"If you don't mind waiting a few minutes," said Violet, stepping forward, "maybe we can get you some citron. Betsey, call Lewis's and see if they have any."

Betsey did so, while Violet hurried to put on her coat.

"They have," cried Betsey, happily, and Violet flew off.

The old lady sat down in the chair Peter offered her. Really, she couldn't think of anything to grumble about. She watched Patrick run the coffee mill. And she watched the young lady who was buying the coffee.

"I have never traded here before," said the young lady. "I live on the other side of the river. But this is the first honest pound of coffee I ever bought in this town!"

Patrick smiled at her. "You'll find this store is honest, anyway," he declared.

"I believe it. I will come again."

"You don't have to walk, you know," called Betsey. "If you telephone, we will send things up."

"But if I don't *see* them," said the young lady, "how do I know they are all right?"

"Well," said Betsey, "we promise you they are, and we keep our promises."

The young lady went out with a smile. Then Violet returned with the citron; out of breath, and radiant from the quick walk.

"I suppose it'll cost more because you went special?" grumbled the old lady.

"Indeed, no!" smiled Violet. "It's our business to keep citron."

The old lady actually smiled at Betsey as she counted out the money. "I'll come here again," she said.

Now, the orders began to pile up. The clerks wrapped the bundles and checked them carefully, whenever they had a chance. They took turns going to dinner.

Late in the afternoon, Violet was still walking around the other end of the town. Her feet ached. She knew Peter's did, too. And she knew Betsey had answered telephone all day without a mistake. At last she went to a big, gray house.

She laid the order on the kitchen table. Then she heard a noise.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried a woman's voice. "The doctor's telephone is out of order!"

"Can I help?" called Violet.

"We must have a doctor!" cried a lady, coming out. "The

THEY STOOD IN A ROW WAITING FOR DIRECTIONS

baby has swallowed some pills. And before I can get to the office, she will die!"

"I will telephone O'Moore's, and a clerk will get the doctor," said Violet.

"What if O'Moore's is closed?" wailed the lady.

"It *never* is, until six," said Violet, calling Betsey. She *knew* Betsey would be there. And Betsey was.

She called a boy she knew to stay with the telephone, and ran for a doctor.

* * * * * * *

When Mr. O'Moore came home, this is what he found.

1. A very wealthy young bride was going to send in a large order every day

2. A cross old lady had told three families to trade at O'Moore's.

3. Mrs. Smith had ordered enough fancy cakes for her party, simply because O'Moore's had sent up a loaf of bread in five minutes.

THE BADGE

4. A baby's life had been saved, because somebody had answered O'Moore's telephone.

"I will graduate you all," declared Mr. O'Moore. "You are reliable already, because you do what you *say* you'll do."

And the only chart the four friends had for the fourth law, was a small silver badge, marked True Blue in dark blue letters. Who do you think bought the badges and sent them to the Merry Americans through the mail?

CHIP SPARROW

IN sky-colored coats sing the Blue-birds' glad choir;
Gold-robin warbles in waistcoat of fire:
But poor Chippy Sparrow's a plain little thing—
She has no fine feathers, no song can she sing;
"Chip, chip," and *"Chip, chip,"* is the only note,
A chirp like a cricket's, that stirs her gray throat;
"Chip, chip," flying down to my doorway she comes;
"Chip, chip," how politely she asks me for crumbs!
"Chip, chip," in my rose-bush her small nest she makes.
"Chip, chip," and what care in its weaving she takes!
"Chip, chip," Oh, how finely she talks with her mate,
And cares for her little ones early and late!
What bird but for beauty, or song, ranks above her?
Yet, plain Chippy Sparrow, we all of us love her!

Marian Douglas

LITTLE ALLIES

BY CONSTANCE V. FRAZIER

CHAPTER XI.

MADELON SAT DOWN

THE morning brought rain, big, pelting drops at first, and then a drenching downpour.

"Perhaps it will clear," said Eugene hopefully, sticking his head outside to test the weather and getting his face showered with raindrops for his pains.

But it went on raining and raining, and long before nine o'clock the road was a winding ribbon of mud. Dorothy looked at it in dismay.

"Oh, oh!" she wailed. "How are we ever going to meet the mayor? I'm sure something nice was going to happen, and—and I just c-can't bear not to know w-what it w-was!"

"Ho, ho!" laughed a big, booming voice. "Is it that there is not enough rain outside? Smile, little mam'selle, smile! And shortly you shall see who cares for mud. Surely not you; surely not I; surely, none of *us*. Indeed, no. But see, it happens at once! Come, everybody, we are off to visit *Monsieur le bourgmestre*—the mayor—at his request. Raoul, run ahead and catch that rogue of a Madelon."

In a jiffy, Dorothy had forgotten all her fears. Astride of Madelon's gray back, clinging tightly with both hands, she jogged along, guided by Raoul's father, whose merry jokes and gay laughter kept them all cheerful in spite of lowering skies and bad travelling.

"Even Madelon isn't cross," thought Dorothy, patting the

long, twitching ears. "He must make her feel happy, too. Then she thought of something else. "Oh, monsieur," she called to Raoul's father, "do you think we shall see my father when we are through talking with the mayor?"

Captain Renaud smiled. "Of a certainty," he replied. "He is at his quarters, no doubt; or perhaps we shall see him even

THERE, BEFORE THEM ALL, STOOD EUGENE

sooner." He stepped back and patted her head kindly.

Dorothy gave his well hand an impulsive little squeeze. "Oh, you are the most *comfortable* man," she said. "It's such a long time since I've seen him; and he said we were going home—"

"But, little mam'selle," reminded the captain, "there will be arrangements to make, and passports, and a ship to engage passage on—oh, so many things, little mam'selle. But see! Monsieur le bourgmestre must have sent the whole village to receive us!"

Dorothy stared, wide-eyed, as they drew near the little square, for everywhere were talking, laughing people. The village street was full of them, all seeming to enjoy themselves hugely, as if it were some sort of holiday. Some of them even

had on their very best clothes, in spite of the rain and the mud!

"Father," cried Raoul, running up, "what is it that it means? Is it a celebration?"

Captain Renaud laughed his big, hearty laugh and put his arm around Raoul's shoulders. "It is Monsieur le bourgmestre who shall tell us," he answered. "Until then, my boy, I am no wiser than you."

"And there are soldiers, Father," Raoul pointed out.

Dorothy and Gene, listening with all their ears, craned their necks in an effort to see, and caught a glimpse of blue uniforms—the gray-blue of France—lined up against the foot of the village statue of Jeanne d'Arc. Then Dorothy's roving eye caught sight of something else—a khaki uniform, and a dearly loved figure; and with a little cry of delight she dug her heels into Madelon's sides. It seemed as if she couldn't wait another minute for anything except to reach her father's side.

It was Madelon who disagreed. Not a whit did Madelon care that Dorothy wanted to see her father. She was convinced, in her little gray donkey mind, that she had been very kind to carry that big, heavy child-person so far, and she did not like having heels dug into her plump sides. So first she brayed loudly, by way of protest, and then she kicked up her heels and ran away. When she found that the crowd did not separate to let her through, she ran around the outside of it in a big circle, poor frightened Dorothy hanging on as best she could, and screaming at the top of her lungs. People chased Madelon, and the harder they tried to catch her, the harder Madelon ran. She just would not have that child on her back any longer, she determined, and if she couldn't throw her off, at least—and right here she stopped suddenly and sat down upon her haunches; and there was nothing for Dorothy to do but slide off her back into the muddiest of French mud.

But almost before she had time to realize where she was, strong arms picked her up, and a familiar voice said, "Is that the way you take of welcoming your father, young lady? Do I understand that you are training for the circus?" Of course that made Dorothy smile.

And then fat Marie came waddling up, followed by Madame, and in no time at all Dorothy was bundled off to the village pump to be made as presentable as possible. And that is how it happened that Madame left Marie to finish the cleaning up—Marie was dreadfully thorough—and hurried away to join the crowd where Monsieur the mayor was speaking; and that is also how it happened that when Dorothy and Marie got back, Raoul was just coming toward them, his face alight with happiness, and a tri-color rosette over his breast. *Raoul had been decorated!*

Dorothy spied the decoration at once. "Oh, how perfectly splendid," she cried; and then, realizing that she had missed the best part of it, "But, Raoul, what is it for? Oh, tell me, quick! Oh, that hateful, hateful Madelon! It's all her fault that I didn't see you get it."

"But Mam'selle Dorothy," comforted Raoul, "if you will come quickly with me, you will see something even better. Hurry, for it will soon be all over. And I can tell you about this later."

So Dorothy hurried away with him, and just as they squeezed through to a place where they could see the mayor and a French army captain, and all the soldiers standing at salute, Dorothy gave a little cry. For there, before them all, stood Eugene!

"Oh, Raoul, Raoul," she whispered. "Is he being decorated, too? Is he?"

"He is being cited," answered Raoul.

"Oh, what for, Raoul? What did he do?"

"For saving the life of a famous French ace, Mademoiselle Dorothy—my father."

Dorothy was speechless with joy. Before she could get her breath to say a single word, the crowd began to stir and look about, and someone asked, "Where is the little American girl who went with her brother? The mayor is asking for her. Has anyone seen Mademoiselle Freeman?"

"Go on up," urged Raoul, giving her a little push. "It is you they want. You helped, you know. My country wishes to thank you. Come, I will take you."

And so Dorothy, in her mud-stained dress, had to go and stand before all the peasants of the village, and be kissed on both cheeks by the army officer, and the mayor, who made a little speech, explaining that she was the brave little American girl who had helped her brother find Captain Renaud and bring him back to safety.

But when it was all over, and Dorothy's father was holding both her and Gene close in his arms, Dorothy remembered.

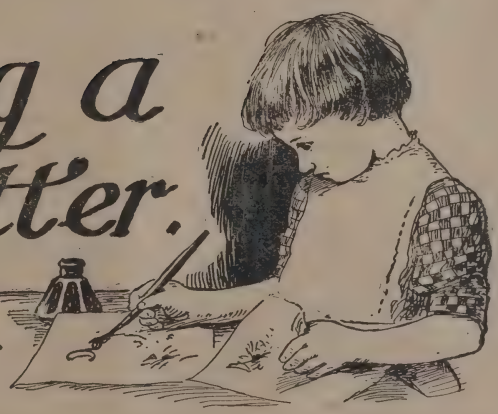
"Raoul," she called. "Will you tell me now about your decoation?"

Raoul, laughing and talking with his father, paused to answer gaily, "Indeed I will. Tonight we shall all make merry, and I will tell you why I ran away with Pidgie."

(*To be continued*)

Writing a Letter.

By Annette Wynne.



IT takes so long for one wee word!
How can I write a great big letter?
Grown folks are very smart, no doubt,—
They do it so much better.

Annette Wynne

THE DANCE OF THE LADY-SLIPPERS

HIDE-AND-SEEK VERSES

(*Three Hidden Fruits*)

I'D like a nap, please, Nurse," said he—
"A pair of them, I think,
To carry me to Dreamland Town
As quick as any wink!"

So Nursie tucked him snugly in,
And turned the light down dim—
And he was off to Dreamland Town,
A nap each side of him!

C. S. P.

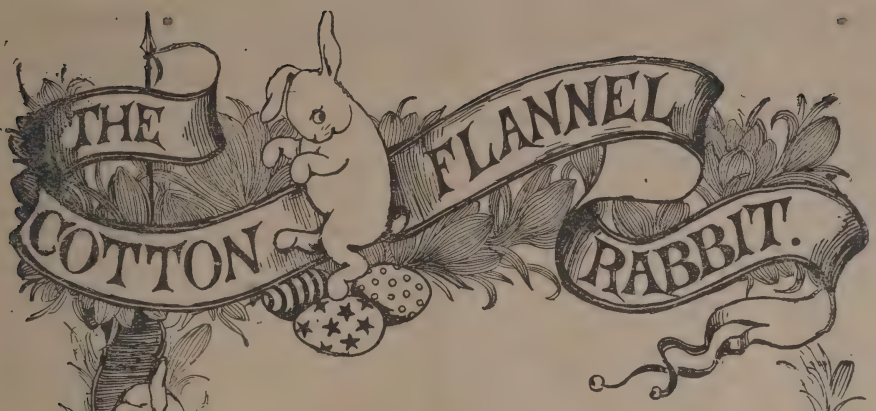
THE CHILD AND THE RAIN

THE Rain tapped gently on the pane,
But all its tapping was in vain:

"You can't, you can't come in, Sir Rain,"
The child replied, "and that is plain!

We don't like wet—we do like dry—
You can't come in—you needn't try!"

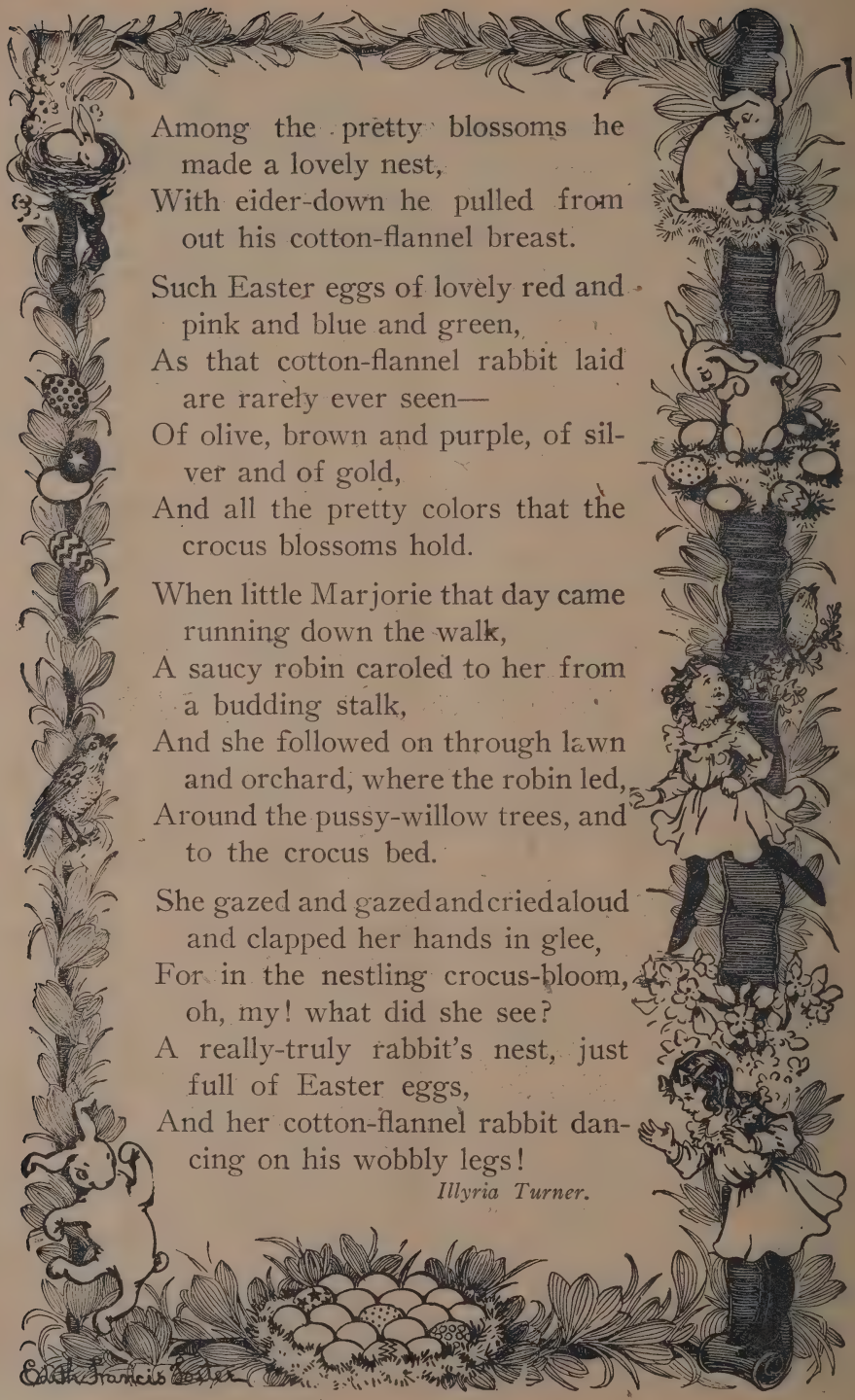
M. J. H.



A COTTON-FLANNEL rabbit, with funny wobbly legs,
Ran away from little Marjorie to lay some Easter eggs;
Adown the garden walk he went with hop and skip and leap,
While Marjorie in her little bed was cuddled fast asleep.

The watch-dog almost scared him into cotton-flannel fits,
And the house-cat quite upset his cotton-flannel wits,
And his cotton-flannel nerves experienced a wretched shock,
When a little dotted toad jumped down before him off a rock.

Oh, the crocus-bed was beautiful beneath the morning sun,
And there the cotton-flannel bunny finished up his run;



Among the pretty blossoms he
made a lovely nest,
With eider-down he pulled from
out his cotton-flannel breast.

Such Easter eggs of lovely red and
pink and blue and green,
As that cotton-flannel rabbit laid
are rarely ever seen—
Of olive, brown and purple, of sil-
ver and of gold,
And all the pretty colors that the
crocus blossoms hold.

When little Marjorie that day came
running down the walk,
A saucy robin caroled to her from
a budding stalk,
And she followed on through lawn
and orchard, where the robin led,
Around the pussy-willow trees, and
to the crocus bed.

She gazed and gazed and cried aloud
and clapped her hands in glee,
For in the nestling crocus-bloom,
oh, my! what did she see?
A really-truly rabbit's nest, just
full of Easter eggs,
And her cotton-flannel rabbit dan-
cing on his wobbly legs!

Illyria Turner.

Advanced Prices For Magazines

Owing to the constantly increasing price of labor and materials, many magazines which have hitherto maintained the lowest possible rates have been obliged to raise their subscription prices. The clubbing rates offered are the lowest obtainable. Renew now. No prices can be guaranteed for long.

LITTLE FOLKS and YOUTH'S COMPANION with

	Our Price for all three
Christian Herald	$5.75
Today's Housewife	3.95
People's Home Journal	4.75
Review of Reviews	6.00
Woman's Home Companion or Delineator or Am. Boy	5.50
Boy's Life	4.75
McCall's	4.50
Etude	5.00
McClure's	6.00
New Children's Magazine	4.25
Boy's Magazine	4.25
Metropolitan	5.50
Pictorial Review	6.50
Modern Priscilla	5.00
Mother's Magazine	4.50
Current Opinion	5.75

LITTLE FOLKS and WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION with

Youth's Companion	$5.50
McCall's	4.25
McClure's	5.75
Boy's Magazine	4.25
Etude	4.50
Christian Herald	5.50
Pictorial Review	6.25
People's Home Journal	4.50
Today's Housewife	4.00
Boy's Life	4.60
American Boy or Delineator	5.00
New Children's Magazine	4.00
Mother's Magazine	4.00
American Magazine (all to one address)	4.75

LITTLE FOLKS and MODERN PRISCILLA with

Review of Reviews	5.75
Boy's Magazine	4.25
Etude	4.40
Pictorial Review	5.75
Christian Herald	4.75
McCall's	3.75
Youth's Companion	4.75
Delineator or Woman's Home Companion	4.75
Boy's Life	4.25
American Boy	4.75
Mother's Magazine	3.60
New Children's Magazine	3.25
American Mag. or Everybody's	5.25
Today's Housewife	3.60
People's Home Journal	4.00

LITTLE FOLKS and THE NEW CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE with

Boy's Life	$3.25
Review of Reviews	4.75
Pictorial Review	4.75
Boy's Magazine	3.25
Youth's Companion	4.25
McCall's	2.75
People's Home Journal	2.90
Today's Housewife	2.75
Delineator	3.75
Mother's	2.75
Woman's Home Companion	4.00
Etude	3.50
Christian Herald	4.00
McClure's	4.25

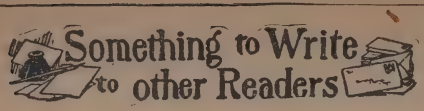
LITTLE FOLKS With	With Little Folks	With Little Folks & Children's
" American Boy	$3.25	$3.75
" American Magazine	3.75	4.25
" Boy's Magazine	2.75	3.25
" Boy's Life	2.75	3.25
" Children's Magazine	2.00	
" Christian Herald	3.50	4.00
" Cosmopolitan	4.25	4.75
" Country Gentleman	2.25	3.00
" Current Opinion	3.50	4.00
" Delineator	3.25	3.75
" Designer	2.75	3.25
" Etude	3.00	3.50
" Everybody's Magazine	3.75	4.25
" Good Housekeeping	4.25	4.75
" Hearst's	4.75	5.25
" Ladies' Home Journal	3.00	3.75
" Literary Digest	5.25	6.00
" McCall's Magazine	2.25	2.75
" McClure's	3.75	4.25
" Metropolitan Magazine	3.75	4.25
" Modern Priscilla	2.75	3.25
" Mother's Magazine	2.25	2.75
" Outlook	6.00	6.50
" The Pathfinder	2.25	2.75
" People's Home Journal	2.40	2.90
" Pictorial Review	4.25	4.75
" Review of Reviews	4.25	4.75
" St. Nicholas	4.25	4.75
" Saturday Evening Post Add 50c. to subscriptions west of Missippi River	3.25	4.00
" To-day's Housewife	2.25	2.75
" Woman's Home Companion	3.25	3.75
" Woman's World	1.75	2.50
" World's Work	4.25	4.75
" Youth's Companion	3.50	4.25

To find the price of any of the magazines above without LITTLE FOLKS subtract $1.25 from the price in the first column; for example, to find the price of Review of Reviews: in the first column the price of Review of Reviews with LITTLE FOLKS is $4.25, without LITTLE FOLKS (subtract $1.25 for LITTLE FOLKS) the price is $3.00. To be entitled to this price however, you must order at least two magazines.

TO MAKE UP A LIST OF MAGAZINES

of your own selection merely repeat this; for example, Youth's Companion listed with LITTLE FOLKS, $3.50, Pictorial Review listed with LITTLE FOLKS, $4.25, and Boy's Life listed with LITTLE FOLKS, $2.75, Subtract $1.25 from each and add together. This equals $6.75, the price of these three magazines. If you want LITTLE FOLKS in the club add $1.25. To include both LITTLE FOLKS and CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE add $2.00.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, - - - - - SALEM, MASS.



CORRESPONDENCE REQUESTS

Catherine Best, 789 Prospect Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, would like to hear from someone nine or ten years old who lives in Calif.

Alison Hanaford, 130 Chauncy St., Mansfield, Mass., would like to hear from someone in the western states, particularly in Calif., or Washington.

Genevieve Page, Box 334, Claude, Texas, would like to hear from an eight-year-old girl living in Fla.

Helen Lewis, 9 Beverly St., Rochester, N.Y. would like to have a thirteen or fourteen-year-old correspondent in Texas or Calif.

Dorotha Boire, Mooers, N.Y., wishes to hear from a little boy or girl in Calif., Tex., Ore., Porto Rico, Ga., or Mass.

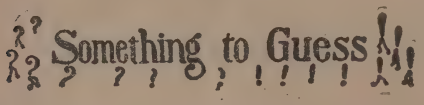
Evelyn Greenwood, Mooers, N.Y., Lock Box 108, would like to hear from boys or girls in Fla., Tenn., N.Y., Calif., Okla., and Porto Rico.

Lela Hazel Brooks, Attica, N.Y., would like to have someone who lives in Calif., write to her and send her a flower or plant that grows there.

Louise Rodney, 102 Broaddus Ave., Clarksburg, West Va., would like to have some little girls who live in Ga., Ky., Del., or Texas, write to her.

Eldridge Babers, Laurel Hill, La., would like to correspond with a little girl in Washington, D. C.

Eleanora Struve, Abernathy, Texas, would like to hear from a girl in Japan or the Philippine Islands.



THERE is an old saying that Yankees are good guessers, and if I may be allowed to add something to that, I'll say that they are clever ones, too. While nobody guessed all the conundrums correctly, four girls have tried for first place, and a prize will go to each of them. They are: Janet McNiell, Vally, Neb., Myrtle Spiegler, elgin, Ill., Winifred Dodge, Akron, Ohio, and Mabel Zollinger, Clinton, Iowa.

Here are the answers to the conundrums printed in March, and in the May number we will announce the winner for April.

1. The wind blew (blue), the waves rose.
2. Because it is near O (Nero)
3. A lark.
4. When he goes out to drill.
5. S and y.
6. Cabinet makers.

Try to answer these—and send me your answers by May 20th, please.

1. What is the difference between a fisherman and a lazy boy?
2. What parts of speech are shop-keepers anxious to sell?
3. If a tree should break a window, what would the window say?
4. What country is like a happy dog?
5. What soap is the hardest?
6. What is that which, though you take all its letters away, still remains the same?

SOMETHING FOR THEM TO MAKE

RUTH and Janie were rummaging in the pantry when Mother came in from her shopping trip. They couldn't wait for her to so much as lay down her bundles.

"Everybody's going to take a picnic lunch to school to-morrow," began Ruth.

"And were going to eat it at recess in the grove," interrupted Janie.

"And our teachers are coming," Ruth went on.

"And afterwards we are going on a bird walk," finished Janie. "And we want to make some sandwiches!"

"That's a fine idea,' agreed Mother. "I have some chopped meat and some jelly, and some cookies and I'll stuff you each an egg if you like, and—"

"But we want to make the sandwiches," explained Ruth. "Each person will bring enough of one thing for everybody, and then we'll pass things around."

"Oh, I see," said Mother. "Well, the first thing is the bread, and I made bread yesterday, so it will be just right for your sandwiches. It ought always to be a day old for them. While I'm taking off my things you two cooks may get your bread ready. Butter it first, before you cut the slice and cut them thin, girls. I'll be back in no time."

"The butter's too hard," Ruth called after her, and Mother had to run back and show them how to soften the butter by putting it in a dish and setting it at the back of the stove a few minutes. When she came back, the cooks were busily buttering slices and cutting them off about ¼ inch thick.

Then Mother showed them how to pile several slices together and cut off the crusts all around, putting the crusts into a bowl to be made into bread pudding or used as buttered crumbs some other time.

Then there were the fillings to be spread on evenly with a silver knife—cold meat, chopped up fine, jam, jelly, pimento cheese, dates and raisins moistened with a little lemon juice, and peanut butter.

The playroom cooks were tired when they had finished making and wrapping thirty sandwiches. But when the dainty sandwiches were taken out of their wax-paper wrappings at the picnic lunch and passed around, the way they disappeared and the nice things the others said about them made up for all the trouble it had been for the little cooks to make them so nicely.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 284)

CROUP OR WHOOPING COUGH

PROMPTLY AND SAFELY RELIEVED BY
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION
ALSO IN
BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM

W. EDWARDS & SON
LONDON, ENGLAND.

ALL DRUGGISTS OR
E. FOUGERA & CO.
90-92 BEEKMAN ST. N.Y.C.

EVERY GIRL NEEDS A PENKNIFE

The one we offer is a little beauty, having a stag handle and both a large and a small blade of fine quality steel that takes a good, keen edge. For selling 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10c. a cards and returning to us the money you collect, you may have one of these fine knives.

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, 0, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBMARINE FREE

Real Submarine, runs under water, dives, shoots torpedo, has propeller, motor, steering rudder, automatic torpedo gun. Given for selling 25 sets of Colored Postcards at 10c. a set.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 260 Mill Street, Concord Jct., Mass.

"BETTER THAN THE MOVIES"

Some kids say. Let **EL FASCINATOR** entertain you. For kids from 8 to 80 yrs. **FUN BY THE HOUR.** Six kinds all different, **10c** for **1, 15c** for **2, 20c** for **4,** or **6** for **25c.** Send coin, thrift stamps or money orders to

MAZECRAFT, 820 Oakwood Bldv., Chicago, Ill.

SCHOOL BOX FREE

with Fountain Pen, Pencils, Knife, Penholder, Eraser, for selling 15 sets of Colored Postcards at 10c. a set. Write

BLUINE MFG. CO., 257 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

Free Everyone Wants A "TEASEME" Doll

The greatest rage in years. The country has gone wild over these famous Dolls. **Get yours FREE.** Send for 24 packages of Bingo Household Products. Sell at 10c a package. No trouble to sell. Order today. Send no money. Extra gift for promptness. Big Premium List Free.

BINGO CO. Dept. 377 BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

MACHINE GUN FREE

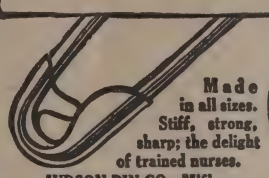
Rapid Fire armor Tank Protector, real Shot Magazine, holds 250 shots. Given for selling 25 sets of Colored Postcards at 10c. a set.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 258 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

CAPSHEAF
The Safety Pin Without a Coil

SAFETY—to the person and for the fabric pinned

Since the first safety pins were invented many improvements have made them still safer for the user. The safety of the fabric pinned was not considered—until the inventor of the "Capsheaf" made a safety pin without the coil spring which catches and tears clothing. Send 10c. for the sample dozen to 101 Franklin St., New York City. Use Capsheaf once and you will always use it.



Made in all sizes. Stiff, strong, sharp; the delight of trained nurses.

JUDSON PIN CO., M'f'rs. Rochester, New York

"Used while you sleep."

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh; Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that *a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

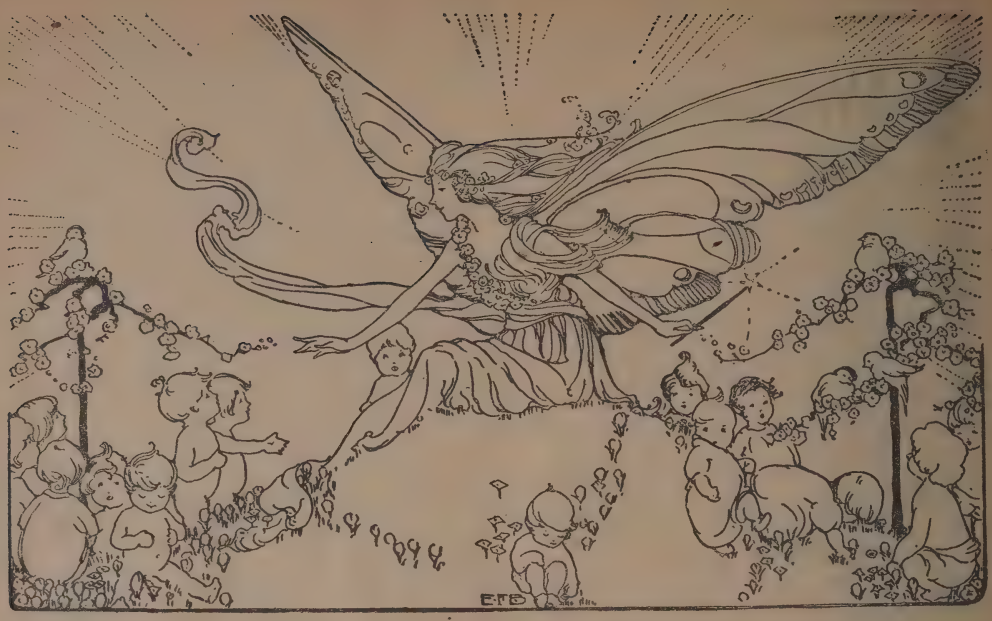
It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 36.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist, or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada



LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD

SOMETHING TO JOIN

DEAR sweet little Home Guard Children:—This is our Baby Month come 'round again—the time for us to send in the names of all the babies we can find to enroll in the Home Guard Baby Roll. You can just send the baby's name and five cents (stamps or coin), and the baby's name will be carefully written on the Home Guard Baby Roll. Peggy has so much school work to do herself that she had to get a young lady to help her do some of her writing; but we want the babies' names, anyway, and so we thought we'd better pay someone to help us attend to it all. We want your baby's name, though, even if you don't happen to have the five cents to send with it.

You see, we want to get the babies started in the Home Guard and when you send in their names you must make yourself a promise that you will try hard to teach your baby to be loving and helpful; and the best way to teach it, is to *be* it yourself. When you are loving and kind to baby, baby will try to be like you.

It is so nice to have April for Baby's month, because April's ways are Baby's ways—rainy days and sunny days, smiles and tears, and then comes laughter, April showers with sunshine after. Don't you see the month just fits the baby?

The baby seeds are beginning to sprout their wings in the soft, warm ground, and the birdies out in the trees are building their nests so as to have them all soft and fine for the baby birds when they come. It is cradle building time all around the world. Out in the forest and garden the little wild things, the creepers and crawlers and creatures with wings, are all just as busy as busy can be, they are getting ready for babies, you see. And God taught them each one the very best way to get ready for their babies and to take care of them.

Your father and mother have made a lovely home for you and for the dear baby in your home and now this sweet, smiley, teary, sunshiny month, you want to do something nice to show them that you love them for all that they have done.

Of course, I don't mean that you must go and buy them a present. My goodness, no! They don't want any present in the world so much as they want you to love them and try the whole wide world and you can give it to help them. Your love is the finest gift in every day, and it's like a wonderful new gift, every time. The more you give of it the more you have to give and the more you get of it, too.

You know, when God wanted to show His love to all of us He sent us the little children of the world to live with us and play with us and love us and that was His best gift to the world—the babies and the little children.

You know, homes were just made for little children, and it is because we want to guard the most precious treasure in the Home that our Home Guard is having Baby Month this time.

The carpenters come and build beautiful houses and fathers and mothers buy them, or pay for building them, and then they put pretty

(Something To Do Department continued on page 286)

Bessie Beech-Nut Her Letter

DEAR MOTHER-
WE HAVE A NEW KITTEN THAT BROTHER GOT FROM ETHEL. I HOPE YOU WILL LIKE IT.
I HOPE ALL THE FAMILY IS WELL.
WE WENT ON A WALK TUSDAY WITH JULIA AND WEN WE CAME HOME JULIA GAVE i AND BROTHER SOM MILK AND BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER. i HOPE WE GO ON A WALK TODAY i SEND LOVE AND KISSES
BESSIE

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.
"Foods of Finest Flavor"

LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD

(*Continued from page 284*)

furniture in them and make them cozy and comfortable and beautiful, just so they can take care of their babies and make them have a happy place to grow up in.

The big stores are kept so that fathers may make money to take care of their babies and other fathers and mothers may buy things to eat and wear and make their children comfortable.

Isn't it a nice world, with everybody in the world working together to take good care of all the babies and little children?

I think April is a good time to ask all of you who love babies, and love to write about babies, to write me a pretty poem about Baby Dear.

I'm not going to give a prize because it just makes me feel too sorry not to have one to give every child, but I am just going to promise that when I get your beautiful poems—you see I know beforehand that they will be lovely, because you are so loving in your hearts—I will read them all and then we will publish some of them in our own Home Guard corner.

You may send your poems to me in care of Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass. and I will be sure to get them.

Catherine Jones, of Ketchikan, Alaska, wrote the following poem about "Mother," and Catherine won the prize we offered for the best poem about her, although we thought Marjorie Hoover had won it. Marjorie misunderstood about the poem, and sent in one she found in a book about Mother, not one she wrote by herself. Catherine's was the best *original* poem, and here it is:

M is for Mother, who came from above,
O means no Other so much do I love,
T's for the Thoughts that pass through her mind,
H is for Her, so loving and kind,
E is for Every good thing that she seeks,
R is for Roses that bloom in her cheeks.

Every time you sign the pledge you are not joining the Home Guard over again, but just making yourself a new promise to help you work for the Home Guard and make you helpful in your own home.

That is why we keep putting in a pledge for you to sign. If you already belong to the Home Guard you need not send us your pledge, but just sign it and cut it out and paste it in your Home Guard Book. Or, if you haven't a book, you can put it away in your little handkerchief box, or some other safe place and keep it.

Here is your April Pledge.

I will do my best to help take care of our baby, or of some other baby that I know.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

State .....

Auntie Frances.

OUR CONTEST

IN January the Editor announced that a prize would be given to the boy or girl submitting the best letter about his or her experiences at a summer camp, and a second prize would be awarded to the boy or girl submitting the best photograph of life at a summer camp. Of the many fine letters and pictures submitted, the Editor selected Lorene Shields' letter and Valaria Kopplin's picture as the best. Lorene lives in Benson, Illinois, and Valaria's home is in Fall Creek, Wisconsin.

We are more than sorry that Valaria's picture, showing some girl campers enjoying brook-wading, was not quite clear enough to print, but below you will find Lorene's letter, which you are sure to enjoy as much as we did.

Benson, Ill.

Dear "Little Folks":—I will tell you of my sports at a summer camp last year. Daddy and Mother were going on a long business trip and so they decided to send James, my brother, and me to summer camps. I went to a girls' camp, and James went to a boys'. Our camp was in the Vermont mountains, and it just suited my taste, for I love the open air and life in it. Under the large trees were two or three long lines of white tents. It was a pretty sight. Mrs. White, our camp mother, was a lovely woman, with white hair and motherly blue eyes. My tent mate was Edna Roberts. She and I soon became the very best of friends, and she made this camp life the best I had ever had. In the morning we were all up bright and early. I dressed quickly and went to see the sun rise over the mountains. I love to see it rise. All the girls dressed in white middy blouses and dark skirts. I got acquainted with many of them. Then our fun began. We went riding. I just love to ride and am at home in the saddle. We went galloping up the mountains and at dinner time we sat down by a little brook that babbled by. I soon learned to shoot a little bit, and in a couple of weeks I could hit the mark pretty well. We rode, swam, fenced and learned many things. The days passed away like a dream, and soon the day came when Mother and Daddy were to come and take me back home to Illinois. I was very sorry, for I would have to leave the old camp life, Mrs. White and all my new, but now old, friends. I was brown as a nut, strong and healthy, and had learned many things that I never knew how to do before. Mother was quite pleased with the camp, and Daddy said to Mrs. White, "I see that it has done much for my girl and next summer I will have to let her come again." I am hoping every day that next summer I will again be at the camp with Mrs. White, Edna and the rest of the girls.

Lorene Shields.

Back Numbers of Little Folks

We have a limited supply of back numbers of Little Folks, which our readers may obtain at one-third their actual value. Send us 15c. to-day, and we will mail you three of these back numbers.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, - SALEM, MASS.

SOMETHING TO READ

TRUE Tammas started it, when he and Jock jumped over a wall after a rabbit. If they had gone around, and in at the garden gate, the story of *The Scotch Twins* never would have been written, or so says Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins, who wrote the story of their adventures. Of course, True Tammas was only a dog, and he was greatly interested in that rabbit, which had no business in the garden anyhow; but Jock was a boy, a real Scotch boy, living in "a wee bit hoosie on the brae." He had a twin sister, Jean, and both of them had a good friend, Sandy Crumpet, whose appetite for scones and bacon was simply enormous. But in addition, Jock and Jean found a new friend, a sickly boy who spent the summer with the Auld Laird's housekeeper, at the castle. The things that happened after Jock and Sandy and Jean met Alan are the story and can't be told; but if you only knew about the secrets they shared, and the really thrilling adventure they had together, and the mysterious R. R. C. they belonged to, you wouldn't rest until you had ordered the book from Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, for a dollar and a half, and had read it through from cover to cover. If you are a boy you will wish the book was three times as long, and that you could have been a member of the R. R. C. , too. If you are a girl, you will admire Jean and envy her the secrets and the adventures she shared with her brother and his friends. And, anyway, the only way to appreciate a story like this is to read it yourself!

10¢ buys 100
Engel
"Art Corners"
No Paste Needed
Millions Billions in use to-day
Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums
Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 10c brings full pkg. and samples
from Engel Mfg. Co. Dept. 60c 1456 Leland Ave., CHICAGO

TO COLOR DOLLY DEARY

(*Continued from page 244*)

Colonial costume, light blue, over creamy white lace. Lacing in bodice, and ribbon on fan, old rose (deep pink). Flowers of the boquet can be old rose, light pink, blue and yellow, with green leaves.

Paste whole page on heavy paper. When dry, cut carefully around outside lines. Cut left hand and arm free so dresses can slip under, and she can hold the bouquet and fan. Cut around thumb of right hand so she can hold wand. Cut on dotted lines of cap to slip over head, and cut out inside of ribbon on the fan.

The New Jack and Jill
They went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. But they did not fall down. They rode down in their Auto-Wheel wagon. They had an
Auto-Wheel Coaster
or an
Auto-Wheel Roadster
The new Jack and Jill do many things for their mother. The wagon is so easy to pull that it makes it fun to go to the store. Jill rides with the packages and Jack pulls the wagon. And when they come to a down-hill street, Jack gets in and they coast.
When their work is done they play with their Auto-Wheel. My, what a good time they have riding down the hill! Then, they let all their friends ride. And everyone enjoys the play. They have such a good time that they almost forget supper.
There is an Auto-Wheel for you. Just the kind that you will like. Our interesting booklet tells about all the Auto-Wheel wagons and shows pictures of them. You can see them and pick out the one you want.
You will also like our magazine. It has many interesting stories for children. We will be glad to send it to you, with a FREE FELT PENNANT. Ask your Daddy to send us the names of three stores that sell coaster wagons. Also ask him to tell us which one sells the Auto-Wheel.
THE BUFFALO SLED CO.,
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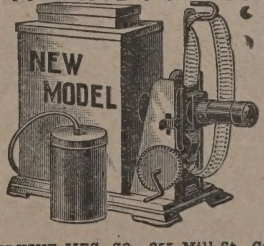

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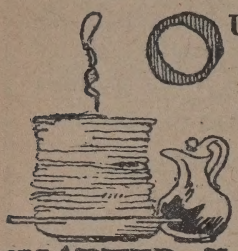
"AD"VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES

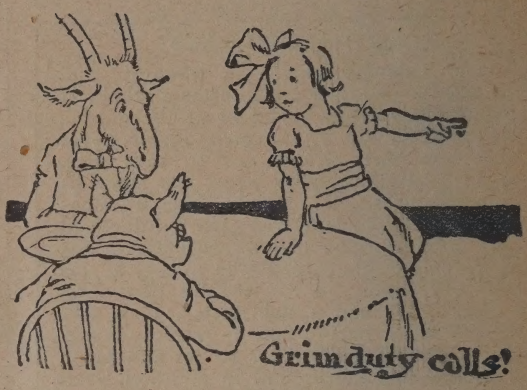


CHAPTER 3
Griddle Cakes and a Witch

OUR little folks were gathered 'round a lavish breakfast table. Their aeroplane was cooling off while locked up in the stable. Miss Betty fluttered to and fro in her attractive way, providing jam and griddle cakes in sumptuous array. Bob ate with most genteel reserve, and Gnif the Gnome was grateful to Betty as *his* griddle cakes were conquered by the plateful. But Bill the Goat and Peter Pig (especially the latter), consumed the griddle cakes with *grunts* and too much wasteful spatter.

"Oh, Peter, Peter," Betty cried, "you are a careless boarder. You must not eat your griddle cakes and grunt in such disorder."

"Hump!" interrupted Billy Goat. "It's one of Peter's *stunts* to mingle sixty griddle cakes with twice as many grunts. Look at his napkin. Polka-dots thus used show awful taste, and cruelty to griddle cakes forever gone to waste."



"Oh," murmured Peter, "now I see why Billy does not shave, just *think* of all the dusters and the time his whiskers save."

"Oh, boys, don't quarrel," Betty cried, "let's talk of birds and beauty. Let's save our words and energies for life and plans and duty. Now that your souls are fortified with griddle cakes and hope, you'll let me call attention to the fact of IVORY SOAP. Bill, wash your whiskers thoroughly; *you*, Peter Piggie, haste to cleanse your lovely double chin of griddle cakes and waste. Haste, haste, I say! Grim duty calls. In yonder forest dwells an ancient witch who weaves a score of trouble-making spells. She scatters trouble everywhere; disorder, wreck, and loss hold sway beneath her evil spell and run their cruel course. Again I see that IVORY SOAP has yet another score to settle for the good of man as it has done before. Come, Heroes of the Sudsy Sponge, let IVORY ever be the stainless emblem of the clean, the proof of purity."

So, wait to read the ending of
This most exciting story,
And learn how IVORY heroes rise
From griddle cakes to glory.

PROCTER & GAMBLE ST. 1837 STANDARD PRODUCTS

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It looks like a revolver

THERE IS ONLY ONE REPEATER

in the world that breaks to load like a revolver

That Repeater is the Premier Fifty Shot Safety. It is altogether different from the old-fashioned cap pistol, and very much superior to it. The fact that it breaks to load allows you to place a roll of fifty caps in it at one time. It looks like a real revolver, too. There is no make-believe about the action of this pistol.

IT SHOOTS EVERY TIME YOU PULL THE TRIGGER

No matter how many times or how fast you pull the trigger, the Premier will shoot until every cap in the roll has exploded. There's no stopping to reload after every shot, either. Its construction is simple, and assures positive action.

No Accidents Come of Play With the Premier

Although the caps are large and noisy, they are safe, and, indeed, the whole pistol is built in such a way that it is an absolutely harmless noisemaker for both boys and girls. Boys all vote for the Premier, once they have used it, and girls who play with it lose their timidity of firearms.

Every Pretend Soldier, Hunter, Cowboy, Etc.

should carry a Premier. They are just great for skirmishes, sham battles, wild west stunts and the like.

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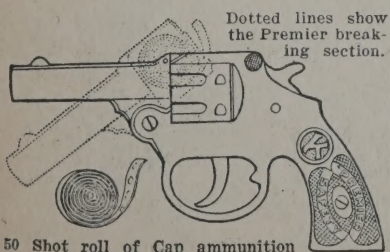
in getting your Premier. Last year our supply was limited and we had some difficulty in filling orders promptly. This year we are well stocked up, and there is no reason why, if you send for your Premier at once, that it cannot be sent you within a few days after we receive your order.

A Premier Will Be Given



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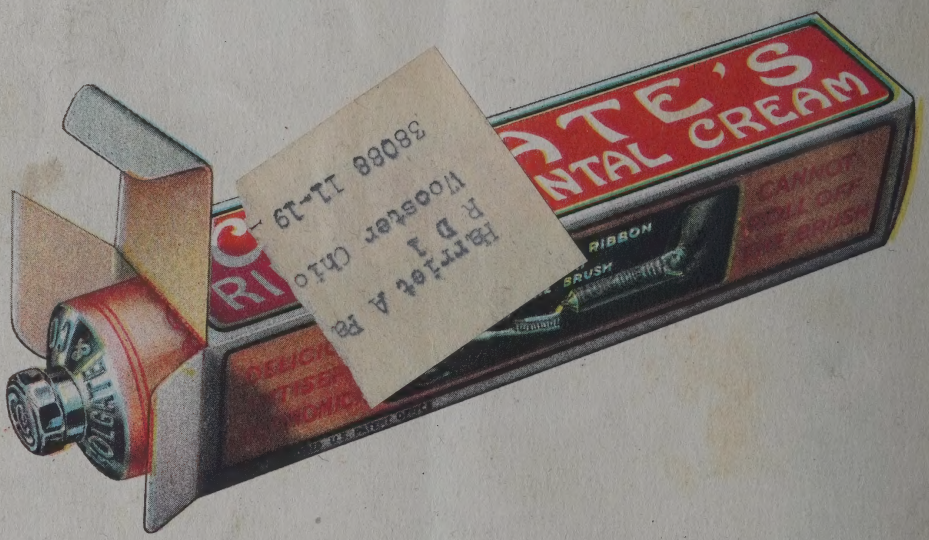
This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed home;
This little pig had roast-beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee, wee,"
all the way home.

This little tooth is for biting;
This little tooth is to crush;
This little tooth is to tear your food,
And all little teeth need the brush.
Use Colgate's as soon as you get from your bed
And before you go "Hush-a-bye-hush."



Use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream twice a day and let your Dentist examine your teeth twice a year, for any tiny beginnings of trouble you cannot notice. Colgate's has a delicious flavor. It is safe to use. It refreshes and makes your mouth wholesome, and protects your teeth.

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